

## Postscripts by Jack Post

Whatever became of winter? Just about three weeks ago, that Easter blizzard drove us back into our holes like the groundhogs, the extra blankets stacked on the attic stairs went back on the beds, the crocuses shriveled back down under the leaves. Yet here we are with all our familiar birds bustling in the thickets, whistling and chirping, while we rake up all those sticks and leaves, and fill the canyons that winter washed into our driveways.

Last Saturday, dogs with spring wanderlust were rounded up by the dozen, and fetched down to what became the busiest corner in town back of Alden and St. George streets, there to acquire rabies shots and 1970 licenses in the midst of a circus of ordered confusion. Shaggy dogs and smooth dogs, pedigreed pups and plain pooches, hounds and house pets circled and sniffed and whined, and only occasionally growled. How many missed being lugged over there no one will ever know; but heaven help those canines without tags who land in the pound we did not improve at Town Meeting. No doubt \$7,500 was a ridiculous price for a dog flop house, but no one since has come up with any alternative; so the filthy pens that jailed the unlucky strays in the past go right on being used, to the vast discredit of Duxbury.

Spring comes in a different way over on the waterfront, where the cavernous sheds surge with expectant sailors carrying cans of varnish or linseed oil, scouring decks and rails, or sanding the bottoms and running thoughtful palms over the smooth contours of their laid-up and still winter-shrouded beauties. Soon the bright hulls will be dragged on their creaking cradles out into the welcome sunlight and eased down the ways into the full tide. Mastes will be stepped, stays rigged and tightened, and once again the boats will come alive.

In Smug Harbor, down at Hall's Corner, and over at Millbrook, old stores that have drowsed all winter bestir themselves with new goods and spring finery, watching newcomers like Caesar's Cargo, the Linen Chest and the Post Box open hopeful doors to the warm welcome of a busy season to come.

All over town people are digging, in flower beds, around shrubs, and on a greater scale, foundations. Here the snorting monsters strain and pull as if in a race to the death against conservation. In one section, down come ancient elms in a short-sighted grab for the instant buck, a buck that graceful trees and an appreciation of the true quality of Duxbury would have attracted sooner and in greater quantity. Those who have seen Williamsburg or Sturbridge or some of the many attractive small towns will understand why the bleakness of Hall's Corner will repel many a hopeful customer. Even in our town construction can be done with restraint and good taste, as many of the recent developments show, and as is particularly evident at the new Art Complex where trees are understood to be valuable as part of the continuing heritage of our town.

All over Duxbury, activity bursts with the spring buds into meetings and shows and dances and functions that drive the ads down and almost off the front page of the Clipper. If you're a joiner, you can cement yourself to almost any kind of cause these days (or nights). Just for kicks, tomorrow night you could listen to an excellent free lecture in the historical series on Old Colony Plymouth, this one by the brilliant archaeologist, James Deetz, assistant director at Plimoth Plantation. He speaks at The First Parish Church.

Saturday morning you could pick up a dogwood at the second sale of the Community Garden Club in its "Dogwoods for Duxbury" campaign at 10 at the shopping plaza, go off and plant it, then grab a quick sandwich and go support a DHS team, and still enjoy a busy evening at one of many social gatherings in various neighborhoods.

Sunday take your choice of services at no less than eight churches. Any one of them can keep you busy full time.

Monday, if you are interested in drug use and abuse, a seminar at St. John's Church appraises issues under the leadership of a group of professionals. If history seems more in your line, Prof. John Demos will present the first of the Clark's Island lectures at The First Parish Church on the subject of "Family Life in Plymouth Colony."

No doubt about it, spring is busting out all over Duxbury.

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